

The Daily Freeman.

EVENING EDITION.

The Freeman.
With his hand upon his charter,
And his foot upon the sod,
He will stand—or die a martyr
For his Freedom and his God.

C. W. WILLARD, Editor.

J. W. WHELOCK, Printer.

MONTPELIER, VT.
SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1861.

HAVING CHOSEN OUR CAUSE WITHOUT GUILE
AND WITH PURE MOTIVES, LET US RENEW OUR
TRUST IN GOD AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITH MANLY HEARTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A DAILY FREEMAN

Will be published at this office until further notice. Two editions will be issued, one to be ready for the mail West, and the stages that leave Montpelier in the afternoon, the other in the morning in season for the morning mails. Each edition will contain the latest telegraphic news to the time of going to press.

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Wendell Phillips' Late Speech.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered one of his peculiarly eloquent addresses at the Cooper Institute in New York, on Thursday evening last, to an overflowing audience. His theme was, of course, the war, its cause and cure. We are confident our readers will be obliged to us for giving as much of this speech as our limits will permit. Mr. Phillips on coming forward said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It would be vain for me to thank you for this welcome; you will allow me, therefore, not to attempt it, but to avail myself of your patience to present to you the views which I have been invited to present on this platform upon the war. I know, ladies and gentlemen, that action—decisive, not words—are the fitting duty of the hour. Yet, still I cannot think in this day of ours, and it is only by putting thought behind arms that we render them worthy in any degree of the civilization of the Nineteenth Century. Besides, the Government has two-thirds of a million of soldiers, and it has ships sufficient for its policy. The only real question seems to be what the Government is to do with these forces, in what path and how far it shall tread. You and I come here to-night, not to cry out, not to find fault with the Cabinet. We come here to recognize the fact that, in moments like these, the responsibility of the Cabinet itself is but a pious shingle on the rapids of Niagara, borne, which may the great popular heart and the National purpose direct. It is in vain now, with these senses about us, in this crisis, to endeavor to create public opinion; too late now to educate 20,000,000 of people. Our object now is to concentrate and to manifest, to make evident, and to make intense the natural purpose of the nation. We are to know the world, if it be possible to show it, that democratic institutions are strong enough for such an hour as this: What terrible as is the conspiracy, momentous as is the peril, democracy welcomes the struggles, [applause] confident that she stands like one dedicated to the throne in the old world, but like a giant on her broad base, able to be patient with national error, patient with the long barbarism of the three generations, and strong enough when after that barbarism, they reveal themselves in their own inevitable and hideous proportions to pronounce and to execute the unambiguous verdict, Death.

I know the danger of political prophecy—a landscape of which not even a Yankee can guess the next combination [laughter]—but for all that, I venture to offer my opinion, and to say that, on this continent, the system of domestic slavery has received its death-blow.—[Loud and prolonged applause.]

Let me tell you why I think so. There are but three paths out of this war. One is, the South conquer; the second is, the South conquer; the third is, compromise. Now, if the North conquers, or there be a compromise, two things, one of the other, must come. Either the old Constitution or a new one. I believe so far as the slave clauses of the Constitution of 1787 are concerned, it is dead. It appears to me impossible that the thirty, pausing taking North, after losing 500,000 men and for two or three years, at the cost of two million dollars a day—after that day followed at Sumter—after Slacker and Lyon and Elsworth and Winchmore and Cameron and Ward have given their lives to quell the rebellion—after our Massachusetts boys, hurrying from the plow and the shop to guard the capital, have been found murdered on the pavement at Baltimore—I cannot believe that the North is a lost, so craven, that you can be put back a day to a day and again where she stood on the 4th of March, 1861.—[Loud and long applause.]

But if there be a reconstruction with the slave clause, then in a little while, longer or shorter slavery dies. Indeed, on any other basis than that of 1789 she has nothing to do but die. [Laughter.] On the contrary, if the South—no, I cannot say conquer—my lips will not form that word—but if she take us of victory the only way she can do it, the only path she can tread toward it, is to write emancipation on her banner and bribe the aristocracy and the traders of the old world to divide the majestic Republic, whose God makes them covetous and whose trade cripples their own.—In either way the slave goes free.

Unless England pours her fleet within six months along our coast, the South can never spring into so vast existence but from the ta-

sis of negro freedom. And I, for one will not yet believe that the North will again consent to share its shame. [Applause.] With me, therefore, fellow-citizens, as a mere Abolitionist—exclusively as such—I have little more interest in this war than the frontiersman's wife had in his struggle with the bear, when she didn't care which whipped. [Great merriment.]

Now how do we stand? In a war, and not only that, but a terrific war—not a war sprung from the venom of a priest, the flickering ambition of a prince as was usually the case, but a war unavoidable, nobody's fault—the result of a past training—a conflict of ideas.—Millions of people grappling at each others' throats, every soldier in each camp certain that he is fighting for an idea that holds the salvation of the world, every drop of his blood is in earnest, such a war finds no parallel nearer than the Catholic Huguenot in France, or that of the American and Red Republican of 1790, or of Cromwell and the Irish, when victory meant extermination. Such is our war. I look upon it as the commencement of the great struggle of the hidden aristocracy and democracy of America. We are to say to-day whether it shall last ten years or seventy, as it usually has done. In such a war—I will not speak of war in itself—I have no time to; I will not say with Napoleon that it is the practice of barbarians; I will not say that it is good. I say that it is better than the past. Good, better, best, are comparative and superlatives; but a thing may be better, and yet not good. This war is better than the past. There is not a element of good in it, that is, there is nothing in it that we might not have gotten better, fuller, and more perfectly in other paths. And yet it is infinitely better than the cowardice of the past—infinitely better than a peace that had pride for its father and subservience for its mother. [Applause.]

Now I say you may pledge, compromise, guarantee what you please, the South knows it is not your purpose, it is your character that she dreads; it is the nature of Northern institutions, the freedom of discussion, the favor of her ideas, the sight of her growth, the free neighborhood of such States that constitute the danger. It is like the two vases launched on the stormy sea, the one of iron and the other of crockery. The iron said to the crockery, "Never fear I will not come near you." "Thank you," said the weaker vessel; "there is just as much danger in my coming near you." [Laughter.] It is not in the purpose—it is in the inevitable character of these Northern States that the South sees her danger, and the struggle is between these two ideas. Our fathers as I said, thought they could leave one to exterminate the other. They took gunpowder and a lighted match, forced them into a stalwart cannon and screwed down the muzzle, and thought they should put out the match. Well, it went differently, and the cannon has exploded, and we stand amid the fragments.

I don't know where you will find an evidence of any purpose in the Administration at Washington. If you look to the West, if you look to the Potomac, what is the policy? Why this: If on the Potomac, with the aid of twenty Governors, you assemble an army and do nothing but return fugitive slaves, that proves you competent and efficient. If, on the contrary, on the banks of the Mississippi, the magic of your presence summons an army into existence, and you drive your enemy before you a hundred miles further than your second in command thought it possible for you to advance, that proves you incompetent, and entitles your second in command to succeed you. [Tremendous applause and three cheers for FREEDOM.]

My opinion is that the blacks are the key to our position. [A Voice:—That is it.] He that gets them wins, and he that does not loses. [Applause.] Port Royal settled one thing—the blacks are with us and not with the South. I know nothing more touching in history, nothing that art will immortalize and poetry dwell upon more fondly—I know no tribute to the Stars and Stripes more impressive than that incident of the blacks coming to the water-side with their little bundles, with a simple faith which had endured through the night and the long forgotten years in the banner they never saw; they submitted to be shot rather than go from that banner. And if that was the result when nothing but Gen. Sherman's proclamation was landed on the Carolina, what would have been the result if there had been 18,000 veterans, with Fremont at the head, [Loud Applause] and over them the Stars and Stripes, written with the motto, "Freedom for all, freedom forever!" If that had gone before them, they would have marched across the Carolinas and joined Brownlow in East Tennessee. [Applause.] The ball-work on each side of them would have been 100,000 grateful blacks; they would have cut this rebellion in halves, and Beauregard would have been ground to powder underneath the upper millstone of McClellan and above the lower millstone of a quarter of a million of blacks rising to kiss the Stars and Stripes.

Now, this Government, which abolishes my right of habeas corpus—which strikes down, because it is necessary, every Christian bulwark of liberty—which proclaims martial law,—and holds every man at the will of the Cabinet—do you turn round and tell me that this same Government has no power to strengthen its hands across the Potomac, and root up the evil which for seventy years has troubled its peace, and now culminates in rebellion? I maintain, therefore, the power of the Government itself to inaugurate a policy; and I say, in order to save the Union, do justice to the black. [Applause.]

I know how we stand to-day, with the foreign cannon of England ready to be turned out of the port-holes against us. But I can answer her with a better reply than SIEMENS can give. I can answer her with a bet or paper than SIMON CAMERON can induce. I can answer her with the stars and stripes floating over the Capitol at Washington, and the imminent Confederate Government breaking up at Richmond to move back to Montgomery. [Cheers.] There is one thing and only one thing, that John Bull respects, and that is success. [Loud applause.] It is not for us to give counsel to the Government, but I suppose we may express an opinion and my opinion is that if I were President of the thirty-four States, while I was, I should want MASS and SUMNER to stay with me. [Vocalous cheers.]

I, for myself, will try to fulfill the pledge which our fathers gave, when they said, "We guarantee to every State a Republican form of Government." I mean to fulfill the pledge that the Border States shall have free institutions, and I demand it of the Government. I would have them, therefore, announce to the world, what they have never done yet, that the slave shall be emancipated. I do not wonder at the want of sympathy on the part of England with us. The South says, "I am fighting for Slavery." The North says, "I am not fighting against it." Why should England interfere? The people have no point on which to hang their sympathy.

Democracy accepts the struggle, and sends her summons to the Gulf—Freedom to every man beneath the Stars and Stripes—and death to every institution that disturbs the peace, or that threatens the future of the Republic.—[Loud applause.]

(Our War Correspondence.)

From the Sharp-Shooters.

CAMP OF INSTRUCTION,
Bardonia U. S. S. S., Dec. 15th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—The Sharp Shooters have had another severe trial of their powers of endurance, by reason of a circular issued by the Vermont State Treasurer, to the effect that the first Company of Sharp Shooters were not entitled to any pay from the State till October 31st. That was the same ground taken by the Government paymaster when the Sharp-Shooters received their first payment. Now why these things are so, we cannot comprehend at all. To be sure, Company F was sworn on the 31st of October, why we did not know, as the oath was administered the 13th of September, at Randolph, by Judge Dana and we all supposed we were sufficiently sworn. But what does it matter when we were sworn, as long as there was an act passed at the extra session of Congress, that every recruit should receive pay and rations from the day of his enlistment, whether he was sworn in or not. Also, the late Vermont Legislature passed an act saying that every volunteer from Vermont—Sharp Shooters included—should receive \$7.00 per month during their term of enlistment, unless sooner discharged. Now, Company F, or nearly all of them, signed the muster or enlistment roll on the 11th of September, and of course are entitled to pay from that date; and the Government paymaster finally concluded to pay us accordingly. And further, they say a letter has just been received from the Vermont State Treasurer, saying he had arrived at last to the same conclusion; if so, we are all right.—But if our families are cheated out of their first two months' pay, some of them, to my certain knowledge, must suffer great destitution.

But enough of Company F. We still hope for justice. Let me add, however, that our Captain, E. Weston, is now at his brother-in-law's residence in the city, but I think not dangerously so. Lieut. Bronson is also sick in the hospital, but is able to visit the camp occasionally. Lieut. Seaton is still with us, he has recently had the present of a Colt's revolver from the Company.

The Sharp-Shooters are still without arms, and many are of the opinion that we shall not be armed at all. We are also still in the dark as to our future movements, whether we shall stay here, go into winter quarters in the city, go to South Carolina, or be sent home. Some are very impatient, but all we can do is to wait, we know not what a day may bring forth. In the mean time we are being drilled every day both in company, battalion and skirmish drill, and if we may believe what is said by the lookers on, are making good improvement of our time. A number of our men in camp are now sick with the measles. The disease first made its appearance in the second regiment. Three of Company F are down with it, viz:—Niles, Blanchard and J. S. Bailey. Aside from this I think the camp is quite healthy.

Our Company have received one box of good things from Vermont, from which each tent was supplied with one or two blankets, quilts, or something of the kind, which added much to our comfort. What we now stand in need of most is over-shirts, (woolen) and gloves or mittens, as neither of these articles have been furnished by Government, and we are destitute of them, except such as could afford to buy. The weather continues very pleasant, I think we have not seen a cloudy day for the last fortnight, though the nights are quite cold. Capt. Ripley is acting as our Lieut. Colonel, but I believe has not accepted the commission. Major Rowland has resigned, and his place is still vacant. All quiet along the Potomac.

Our present civil war is a very unpopular war in the North, and most of those engaged in it have taken up arms with reluctance; but should England, in this our time of trouble, be disposed to recognize difficulties, where and when no insult to that Government was intended, five hundred thousand good and true men would rush to arms, that now have no intention to take part even in the putting down of rebellion.—*Rutland Courier.*

Will the *Courier* be good enough to be a little more explicit, and let us know where the "five hundred thousand good and true men" are who have "no intention to take part in putting down rebellion," but yet "would rush to arms" in a war with England. Perhaps the *Courier* alludes to the "abolitionists."

SURGEON OF THE 8th.—Dr. Geo. P. Gale, of Brattleboro, has been appointed Surgeon of the 8th Regiment, Col. Thomas.

THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.—We call the attention of our readers to the order of Adj. Gen. Washburn in another place in this paper in relation to the allotment of soldiers' pay.

The *Times* says that Mrs. Mayer, the second lady arrested at St. Albans, has been consigned to Fort Lafayette.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.—Parental indulgence is often nothing but self-indulgence.—Children are allowed to have what they desire to have, and to do what they desire to do, solely because their parents do not choose to be at the trouble of counseling and correcting them.

STATE OF VERMONT.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Woodstock, Dec. 6, 1861.

For the purpose of enabling such of the Volunteer forces of the United States as may desire it, to assign portions of their pay for the benefit of their families, the War Department have provided that such assignment of pay shall be made on a separate roll, to be executed under the supervision of the Captain, or immediate commander of the recruit at the time of enlistment, or of the soldier in camp, and that such Allotment Roll, when completed, shall be transmitted to the Paymaster General, by whom the deduction will be made on each subsequent pay roll, and the aggregate amount of each company's assignment will be transmitted by him to the distributor named in the roll, together with a copy of the roll. This plan is authorized by the twelfth section of the act of Congress of July 22, 1861.

The Legislature of Vermont, by act approved November 20, 1861, has authorized and required the Treasurer of the State to act as depository and distributor of funds, which the Vermont Volunteers, serving the United States, may desire to send into the State, under the allotment system adopted by the Government of the United States, above stated, and has provided that there shall be paid to each depositor of such funds, interest thereon at the rate of five per cent. per annum, upon all such deposits as shall remain in the Treasury for the period of six months, or longer.

Under this system, if the members, or any part of the members of any company of the Volunteer Militia, enlisted in this State for service, shall desire that any part of their monthly pay, due from the United States, shall be paid into the Treasury of the State, to remain upon deposit until the expiration of their term of service, they can accomplish this by signing an Allotment Roll, directing the United States' paymaster to pay to the Treasurer of Vermont so many dollars per month from their pay, more or less in their discretion, as they may designate upon the roll. And they may designate upon the roll the name of any person to whom they wish the Treasurer to pay the money. The person so designated, whether wife, child, or other person, can call for the money at any time after it is received by the Treasurer, or the money may remain upon deposit in the Treasury, at five per cent. interest until called for.

It is important that these provisions should be understood by all enlisted men; and Recruiting Officers will carefully explain them to all men whom they enlist. Blank Allotment Rolls will be furnished from this office upon request.

By order of the Governor,
PETER T. WASHBURN.

Adjutant and Inspector General.

Life in a Military Hospital.

The following extract of a private letter to a friend, from one of the ladies acting as volunteer nurse in one of the Military hospitals at Washington, conveys a vivid idea of the devotion and self-sacrifice required for such a service:

HOSPITAL, Nov. 26, 1861.
* * * * * You can feel that with fever and death so steadily about me, I have enough to excite me and to cause painful thought.—Hospital sights disgusted me when I first came here, and I felt for some time as though I could not endure them; but the sorrow I suffered I saw soon made things that were coarse and offensive sink into small matters, and I grew more and more welded to my work. But I cannot get accustomed to the lamentations of the dying nor to the horrible monster, Death himself, as he comes to us here. If I were to see any of the calm placid scenes of a passing away to another world, such as I have heard of, I could endure the sight of death without shrinking. But it comes here a frightful, grinning, jabbering maniac,—with wild open fiery eyes, and hot, black lips, and clutching fingers, and the grim shadow crawls gradually over the poor soldier's forms until they look terribly hideous,—and then it seems to rob their lives from them with a dreadful struggle. My imagination has given the "King of Terrors," (I never realized the truth of that title until now,) a horrid personality which I am often afraid of meeting in the dim light of the hospital lanterns at midnight. A soldier died here last night. He belonged to the Fifth Vermont Regiment, his name is Fushya,—that is all we know about him. He was a remarkably fine looking man, with large black eyes that seemed to dilate to a monstrous size in the agonized workings of death. He never had a conscious moment since he was brought from the camp four days ago. After such a death, late at night, the stillness seemed oppressive and awful. I ask myself a hundred questions of all kinds, sitting alone in my room, after I go up for the night, and sometimes sit here swaying to and fro in my rocking chair until near morning. All day I have been thinking of that young man, and wondering if he had father or mother, sister or wife that loved or thought of him. He may have relatives that have not heard even that he was sick, and they will expect to hear from him while he lies buried in an unknown grave. Now have I not food enough for painful thought and feeling here.

BIBLES.—It has been computed that the whole number of copies of the Scriptures in existence in the world before the present century, did not exceed 4,000,000. There is one Society—the British and Foreign Bible Society—of which the annual issue for 1831 was 470,920 Bibles and Testaments, and in the year 1861, 1,917,897 copies, or an increase of 307 per cent.; and the aggregate issue of Bibles from Great Britain every year is now nearly 4,000,000, or as many as existed in the whole world before the present century.—*Crit. C.*

Childhood's Prayer.

One of the literary men of England, who has outgrown many of the religious influences of his childhood, gives the following touching sketch of the impression made on him by the habit of prayer taught at his mother's knee:

"Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood, of that prayer which was said so punctually night and morning, kneeling by the bed side. What did I think of? Guiltless then of metaphysics, what image did it bring before my mind, as I repeated my learned petition with such scrupulous fidelity? Did I see some venerable form bending down to listen? Did he cease to look and listen when I had said it all? Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult it is now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this morning and evening devotion became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition that grew up in me, that the prayer must be said kneeling just there. It, some cold winter's night, I had crept into bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself, it would not do!—It was felt in this court of conscience to be an insufficient performance; there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and, bed-gowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place, and said it all over again from the beginning to the end. To this day I have seen the little clean white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high altar in the most sumptuous church in Christendom could prompt my knee to bend like that snow white coverlet tucked in for a child's slumbers."

Mails in Montpelier.

SOUTHERN and Eastern mail closes at 7:45 a.m., arrives at 5:15 p.m.
NORTHERN and Western closes at 7:45 p.m., arrives at 9:15 a.m.
Night Mail for Boston and New York closes at 9 o'clock, P. M.
All matter for these mails must be in the office before the time of closing, to go the same day.
BARNES mail arrives daily at 8:30 a.m. and departs every day on arrival of Southern.
BRADFORD mail arrives daily at 9:30 p.m. and departs daily at 6:00 a.m.
DANVILLE arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1:30 o'clock, a.m.; departs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5 o'clock p.m.
BARNES arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30 p.m.; departs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9:45 a.m.
HYDEPARK, by Worcester and Quincy, arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:30 p.m.; departs same as Boston.
CHICAGO arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 p.m.; departs same as Danville.
CALAIS mail arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1:00 p.m.; leaves alternately days on arrival of Western.
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JAMES H. BURNETT, P.M.

Montpelier, May 1, 1861

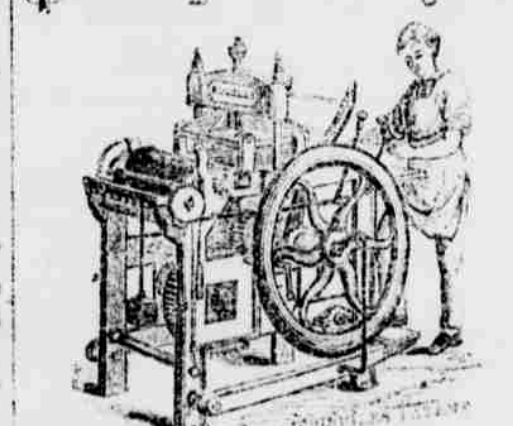
No matter how you have the care of children, how the difficulty of getting them to take medicine, and how anxious you are to the parent to administer the dose, you see the child suffer by disease, and you will find, with any discovery, that will alleviate this difficulty and also save time to a more efficient agent to restore health.—Dr. Gifford's Homoeopathic curative pills, being sugar pills, are simple medicated sugar pills, they can be administered to a child even when asleep without disturbing him, and the action of the medicines will in all cases be satisfactory. Children troubled with worms, colic, diarrhea, or teething babies, have a remedy here that is perfectly harmless, and at the same time can be given without trouble, and are good in their results.

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